Tib. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Consort! what doeſt thou make us Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of us, looke to heare nothing but diſcords; here's my Fiddle-ſticke, here's that ſhall make you dance: zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men,
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well, peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir if he weare your Livery:
Marry goe before to field, hee'll be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the love I beare thee can affoord
No better tearme than this: thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine I am none,
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tib. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I doe proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion,
Alla ſtucatho carries it away:
Tibalt, you rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall uſe mee hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haſte,

leſt